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Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

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THE SEAT OF EMPIRE.

Home-Talk, by J. H. N., 1848.

IF God is ever to save the world, it will be by his getting possession of amativeness and philoprogenitiveness—the bed-chamber and the nursery. It is perfectly certain that here is the source of good and evil in human nature. Here is where character is determined: here is where children are begun and brought up. If this department of things is right, all will be right; and if this is wrong, all will be wrong. If you can save mankind from the devil here, you can save them from every thing evil; and if they cannot be saved here, they cannot be saved at all. Your governments, your legislatures, conventions and resolutions, will be impotent for benefiting mankind, if you cannot purify the fountain of life by establishing true relations between men and women, and between parents and children. It is perfectly certain from principles of rational philosophy, that if Christ is coming into the world scientifically, to establish himself at the center of power, instead of going to Congress, or to meeting-houses, or to legislatures and conventions,—instead of looking where Fourier does, to the organization of townships, and the external arrangements of families, he will come as king of the bed-chamber and the nursery. Something must be done at these fountain-heads of life and character, to prevent the propagation of devils. What must be done?

In the first place we answer, There is wanted the whole force of a church and of a school, bearing directly and constantly and with spiritual power, on the connection between man and woman, for the regulation of their love-relations, and on the parental relation, for the right management of children. It is not possible in the nature of things for a single pair to develop the wisdom and power necessary for the proper management of their own children. "In a multi-

tude of counsellors there is safety;" and a great many more than two are wanted to bring up a family of children rightly. Men and women must league together and combine all the wisdom of a multitude. This is necessary to regulate their own relations rightly; and still more clearly necessary in respect to the management of children. Go out into the streets, and you will find that the children are in a state of Association; they run together in herds, and school one another; the life and enthusiasm of large numbers circulate freely among them; while the parents are hived up, each pair by itself. If you bring up two such forces against each other, the one that is associated, organized and combined, with life and enthusiasm freely circulating through its ranks, will certainly overmatch the opposite force which is divided into little cold, separate detachments; "Union is strength," and in spite of the parents, children unite; Association takes place among them; and if the parents expect ever to control their children, they too must combine together; there must be geniality, combination, free intercourse and circulation among the parents, and an enthusiasm of social life on their part greater than there is among the children, or the children will inevitably override them. There is not a man or woman probably in our Association, that would be selected as integrally qualified for the parental post; and you cannot find in the world persons who have strength and wisdom enough singly to control their children, with all the disturbing influences of society bearing upon them. To expect it of men and women living in isolated pairs, and under the necessity of working night and day for their subsistence, is preposterous.

If there is to be any science introduced into the relation between men and women, and between parents and children, there must be Association, community of life on the largest scale, and of the most active and efficient kind. Begin with separating the social department from the propagative, placing the latter under scientific, inspired management, so as to stop evil propagation, and then let the combined influence of the parents be brought to bear upon the children in Bible Associations, instead of thrusting them out into the herds of the world—and you have begun a form of government that will entirely displace all other government. Legislatures and laws, conventions and resolutions, may all be packed off into oblivion. Begin by admitting Christ into the bed-chamber and nursery, and you will make

an end of war—an end of nine-tenths of the expenses of the world—an end of disease, of pestilence and of death.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1848.

THE winter of 1847-8 was a time of great trial to the followers of Mr. Noyes at Putney, Vt. The development and announcement of new social principles had alienated from them many believers in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and in fact, wherever the old doctrines of holiness and the Second Coming had been received. Those who had been reckoned as firm friends since the early days of Perfectionism, now turned their backs on the Putney Community and their leader. The staunchest hearts trembled. Mr. N. was almost entirely forsaken, except by his own household and a score or two of earnest hearts that had been added to that household; and even they were not a complete unit in adherence to the new views. The newspapers of the country, and especially those of the immediate vicinity, were unanimous in condemnation of J. H. N. and the Putney Perfectionists. That usually quiet village was for months in a state of high excitement. Public meetings were held; committees of visitation were appointed; resolutions were passed, affirming that the Community ought to be dissolved—that the *Magazine* (the organ of the Society) ought to be discontinued—that the members of the Community ought to renounce their "pernicious" principles, &c. Arrests were made, suits were commenced, writs of attachment were issued, mob violence threatened, the declaration made that Perfectionism should be "killed in the seed." J. H. N. and Mr. Cragin, leaders and fathers of the Community, had withdrawn from Putney in the previous November, at the urgent solicitation of Hon. W. C. Bradley and L. G. Mead, friends and legal counsellors; so that the members of the Community were like "sheep without a shepherd," when the full storm burst upon them; and yet not wholly deprived of shepherds, for there were still left J. R. Miller, J. L. Skinner, G. W. Noyes, H. A. Noyes, H. H. Skinner, C. A. Miller, and other wise hearts with good heads. For the moment no demands seemed too great for the offended citizens of Putney to make; they even intimated that nothing would satisfy them short of the division of the combined property and the return of the members to separate households. The spirit of peace guided the councils of the Community; and some were ready to comply for the time, even with this exorbitant proposition, since it involved no abandonment of principles. Mr. N. was consulted. Note his reply, as recorded by a journalist:

"J. H. N. says he does not yet see the ne-

cessity of a division, or how it will satisfy the people, if we still continue to be united in heart and principles; yet if it shall appear that a division is necessary, he has no objection to it on his own account. *If that step be taken he will not be satisfied to have it done on selfish, worldly principles, or merely according to legal rights, BUT ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT THE STRONG SHALL HELP THE WEAK.* He offers, in case a division takes place, to deed his half of the Campbell farm to W. H. W., and the Printing-office, printing materials, &c., to S. R. L."

The division of property did not take place; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that if it had taken place, Perfectionism would still not have been "killed in the seed." The spirit which gave such counsel at the moment when all outward signs betokened disastrous failure to all concerned in the new movement, cannot be killed; it must live and grow, and attract hearts to itself forever. w.

THINGS IN COMMON.

*Visitor (after purchasing a hand-book).—*Were you aware, D., that these people have all things common?

2d Visitor.—I had inferred as much from the reports about them.

1st Visitor.—Well, as much as I dislike their social views, I am obliged to confess that if what I see, of persons and things, is the legitimate fruit of holding all things common among themselves, the tree cannot be a very bad one; for Christ says a tree is known by its fruit, a fact that nobody can dispute.

2d Visitor.—These Communists, as they call themselves, greatly puzzle me; for, in spite of my prejudices against their peculiar doctrines, they interest me amazingly.

The foregoing is but a fragmentary specimen of what one sometimes chances to hear of dialogues between visitors as they stroll over the grounds of the O. C.

That visitors should have many thoughts while here, respecting the religious and social principles upon which Communism is based, is by no means to be wondered at, and it is natural that some of their thoughts should be embodied in words. Holding things in common, seems to be a condition of society quite beyond their comprehension. A little reflection, however, upon the subject, will satisfy every candid mind that civilization advances in proportion to the refinement and liberality of man's disposition to hold and enjoy things in common. Nature herself knows no other mode of distributing her choicest gifts—air, light, and heat—than to make them the common property of all. The Creator set the example by making "of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." And as "blood" here signifies life, all men are therefore partakers of one common life. The scriptures also speak of the "common faith," and the "common salvation;" and the intelligent world recognizes but one common Savior of mankind. So, in imitation of his Maker, man as he advances in wisdom and knowledge, is led instinctively to create common schools, build common roads, construct common conveyances; in short, to organize and co-operate in many ways for a common end, and not unfre-

quently with a view to benefiting a common humanity.

In a certain sense, every thing truly valuable in new discoveries, in new inventions and improvements, gravitates, as by a natural law, from private interest to public possession, and is thus transformed into the common property of all. Take, for example, steam and electricity as employed by the commercial and business world generally. Is there a steamer that floats on river, lake, or ocean; a railway coach that rolls on its iron pathway; a telegraph wire with its tamed lightning at command to convey the living thoughts of men, in a moment of time, to the ends of the earth, that is not regarded by every member of society, in some sense, as the common property of man? Who has not experienced, on taking his seat in a railway coach, something akin to the feeling that he is riding in his own conveyance? Indeed, there are many things in this world enjoyed in common, that one fails to recognize, through having the attention fixed in a morbid way on the things that are not directly the property of all.

Things held in common, receive, on the whole, a better protection than can possibly be given to things that are held exclusively as private possessions; for the reason that collective or complex ownership puts each proprietor on his good behavior toward the common investment or object jointly held, as well as toward his associate partners. Where a society or Community possesses a common interest in the business and enjoyments of life, necessity, if no higher motive, obliges each member of it to act as it were, in the presence of all; or, in other words, to act in the light furnished by the united interests of all—a light that is usually pretty bright; and in that light all must walk, or suffer the inconvenience of stumbling in the dark. The effect of so stumbling is sometimes serious enough, as in the case of a married couple we read of in the Acts of the Apostles. The terrible judgment that came upon that unhappy pair must have been regarded by the many witnesses as an evidence of God's displeasure at the distrust which that man and woman indulged toward the new order of society that had been inaugurated. They professed to belong to the Kingdom of Heaven, but were unwilling to invest their all in heavenly Communism; it was selfishness distrusting unselfishness. But the apostle Peter, who, on that occasion represented the spirit of Communism, was the medium of so much light that it proved a consuming fire to the lying spirit that confronted him in Ananias and Sapphira. The effect must have been salutary indeed. Community property, whether of persons or things, was looked upon, no doubt, after that summary criticism, as pre-eminently sacred and secure.

"All things common" in the apostolic sense, implies free criticism—a species of property quite intangible and imperceptible to a covetous, sensual eye, but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." So the term, "all things common," may be rendered, with equal truthfulness, all things subject to free criticism. With this definition of "all things common," the platform of the O. C. will be better understood. Free criticism means the subjection of all characters to the searching influence of the Spirit of truth or the word of God, which Paul

declares to be "living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him (the Spirit of truth) with whom we have to do." Whatever, therefore, fails to pass through such an ordeal approvingly, will hardly succeed in joining those who hold "all things common." With such an officer, for inspecting and appraising property—tangible or intangible—Communism has nothing to fear. Institutions of all kinds, marriage included, will be welcome if they obtain this inspector's seal of approval.

By "all things common" we mean that all our capacities, functions, and affections, have become the property of the Church, ready to be subjected to any amount of criticism deemed necessary to secure that self-control, that harmony of action, that chord of sympathy and fellowship so essential to a perfect unity in the body of Christ.

In a society thus constituted, excess in sexual commerce, so prevalent and destructive in the world, would be wholly unknown. A husband, for instance, in bondage to his amative passion would find no shelter from the severest criticism, while the wife, would be perfectly free to decline the intimacy which marriage would too often compel her to accept. Free criticism would thus prove a blessing to both parties.

What society needs, is the blessing of love without the curse of passion excess; freedom to build one another up in health, wisdom, and happiness, instead of inflicting upon each other disease, misery, and death.

Well, as an encouragement to the hopeful and faithful, the good work has begun. Victories are slowly but surely gained over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Pentecostal Communism is being cultivated in the hearts of thousands who call it by no other name than "Jesus," for it was promised that he should save his people from their sins: and to be saved from all sin is to enter the common fold of the one Shepherd, or to enter the Community household of faith, which will ultimately terminate in visible, local Communes sufficiently numerous to meet the demand of a civilized world.

SCIENTIFIC TERMS.

It may, perhaps, appear to some persons, that such a terminology as that of botany must be enormously cumbrous; and that, since the terms are arbitrarily invested with their meaning, the invention of them requires no knowledge of nature. With respect to the former doubt, we may observe, that technical description is, in reality, the only description which is clearly intelligible; but that technical language cannot be understood without being learnt as any other language is learnt; that is, the reader must connect the terms immediately with his own sensations and notions, and not mediate, through a verbal explanation; he must not have to guess their meaning, or to discover it by a separate act of interpretation into more familiar language as often as they occur. The language of botany must be the botanist's most familiar tongue. When the student has thus learnt to *think* in botanical language, it is no idle distinction to tell him that a *bunch* of grapes is not a *cluster*; that is, a *thyrsus* not a *raceme*. And the terminology

of botany is then felt to be a useful implement, not an oppressive burden. It is only the school-boy that complains of the irksomeness of his grammar and vocabulary. The accomplished student possesses them without an effort or inconvenience. — *Whewell.*

A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

XVIII.

AFTER young Pinkem's first visit to the dilapidated cottage in the country, and his unsatisfactory interview with the servant girl, weeks passed away with very little result; he searched Chancery through and through for the name, and failing to find any property or suit corresponding to it, concluded that it must be a myth, or it had existed under some other title. He paid another secret visit to the mother, and by a close questioning found out the names of her ancestors and those of her husband's, for two or three generations. Thus armed he attacked the Chancery rolls once more, and soon found a suit corresponding to one of the names. This, though slender, was a clue to start with.

The longer he suffered this business to occupy his thoughts, the more absorbed he became in it; and the more interest he felt, the less care he took to conceal his interviews with the servant; so that scandal had already been let loose among the other servants, while his mother was contemplating a "scene" with her son, and a summary dismissal of the girl without a character. Just at this juncture the young man had so far gained the girl's confidence that she agreed to help get the papers for him. But another difficulty presented itself; she could not write, and her mother could not read; so there was no possibility of her exercising any influence except by her presence, and if she went home, how could they live? This certainly was a dilemma; but as the lawyer had stepped so far into the stream, he could now do no other than swim; so he agreed to send her home and provide the means of support until other arrangements could be made. It was somewhat of a relief to the mistress of the house to part with her suspected servant, and she readily relinquished all claim to the usual warning, so that the same evening the poor girl was able to reach her humble home, which to her simple taste was finer than any of the splendid mansions of the busy city.

A few weeks later, and the lawyer was there too. Things had undergone a change since first he visited the place: the garden had been dug; a new gate had been hung at the entrance; the window, the only one in the house, had been repaired, and a neat curtain, white as snow, appeared on the inside; the room had a more cheerful air; a very small stock of new crockery occupied the shelves of a very small three-cornered cupboard which stood in one corner of the room, and under it a few new pots and kettles were carefully concealed by a piece of the most unpretending tapestry; a table and some chairs, with bed and bedding, had been added to the stock of furniture. Every thing was clean and neat.

But how had this change been wrought? Had some fairy touched this miserable hovel with her magic wand and transformed it in a moment, into a picture of comfort and neatness?

Nothing of the sort. A lawyer's scheme was at the bottom of all this. In questioning the poor woman he had discovered that her husband held possession of the plot of ground without paying rent, long enough to establish an estate in fee simple, and the value of it, so Pinkem represented, would more than cover the necessary expenses of the family; he was therefore enabled to advance them money on their property without placing them in the position of paupers. This was a good cover to his real object, and he took advantage of it to draw a mortgage of the cottage and land to himself, which was duly signed, sealed and delivered. By this means, although he advanced more than the place was worth, he was provided with an excuse for his frequent visits to the cottage; his business disarmed all suspicions, and, what was most important, he established a confidence between himself and the old lady, of that peculiar kind which

exists between a lawyer and his client. The daughter, too, could not but feel that he was their guardian; and nothing now remained between him and the papers but the superstition of the poor woman, who held them as if her life depended on their custody.

But difficulties were brewing, that Pinkem, when he started on his enterprise, would have deemed too absurd to bestow a passing thought upon; and even now, when the idea flashed across his mind he laughed to think that anything so preposterous could ever present itself, and wondered where such silly thoughts could possibly come from. The idea of loving a peasant girl came to him again and again, when he would petulantly spurn it with an exclamation of disdain, and light a segar as if to escape from some unpleasant reflection.

When I started to relate old Vellum's story I intended to have suppressed this part of it, and here I am in the middle of it. I hate love stories, for several reasons; but like Pinkem, I have waded so far in, that I must find my way out the best way I can, and if the readers will bear with me a little, I will seek to spare their sensibilities by cutting the sentiment as short as possible. The frequency of Pinkem's visits to the mother and daughter, and the agreeable change in their circumstances at the now comfortable little cottage, led them to look with gratitude to their young patron; nor would it be at all wonderful if gratitude in the simple country girl had led to other sentiments. The strongest and purest love we can experience is that which comes through gratitude; while false love, which only seeks to gratify some passion, is drawn out by superficial attractions and is as transient as the beauty which called it into existence.

Whether the poor cottagers were religious or not I cannot say; but as they could neither read nor write, I think they could have known but very little about the Bible. The girl, however, had a heart that was not insensible to kindness; and if she blushed when Pinkem called at the cottage, and sighed when he was not there, it was because she failed to look beyond the hand that fed, to the great Giver of all good gifts. Neither was the lawyer insensible to the evident pleasure with which he was always greeted at the cottage; and if at first he had looked all of the probabilities fairly in the face, instead of underrating the forces of his enemy, he might have avoided serious consequences. Self-reliance was one of his failings; and this time it led him into an ambush, for he found himself ere long, so far in love with his cottage queen that he e'en must pay her court. Did ever *ignis fatuus* lead a man into a worse quagmire? or Chancery suit lead a lawyer into more insurmountable difficulties? It was after one of Pinkem's visits to the cottage, on business, of course, that he dared to look the matter, for the first time, squarely in the face; and then, as he thundered up to London at the rate of forty miles an hour, he made as firm a resolve as ever man made in his own heart, that he would crush out, once and forever, all idea of love in a cottage. This had been all well enough, if he had kept his vow; but the very next week he declared his love to the ex-servant girl and made her proposals of marriage.

In this as in all else, he seemed doomed to disappointment; every thing was within reach, yet every thing eluded his grasp. The girl had been blessed with some sound common sense, and no power on earth could induce her to bring discredit upon one to whom she owed so great a debt of gratitude. For such a match would bring the young lawyer into disgrace with all his family and friends, and her ignorance would be a constant reproach to him. This young couple had so far succeeded in making each other as miserable as they well could, and things were at a dead lock. All that Pinkem could get from the poor girl was a promise that she would never marry any one else; to which she added a declaration that she would never marry him, but "when he married some rich lady she would be his faithful servant as long as he lived."

Pinkem was piqued; hitherto he had moved cautiously for fear of getting into trouble, and he had got beset on every side; his very ill luck nerved him to strike for victory. Lawyers don't "give up

beat" till they have carried their case to the highest court, and Pinkem's reverses only gave him a stronger determination to overcome all obstacles. He laid out a dazzling programme before the mother, and promised the many things he would do for them. He told her many things about the property in Chancery, and explained to her how he could get it for them, and then how rich they would be, and so on, offering to bear the entire expense attending the legal proceedings, and take the chances of his pay in the assignment to him of half their interest; but it is due to the lawyer's veracity to say, that he scarcely believed one word of what he told her, although he knew that there were possibilities in the case, with about the same chances as a lottery ticket. At length his arguments prevailed, and the papers were handed over to him. Just a small bundle of dirty letters, nothing more. If ever a man felt that he had been hunting a shadow, Pinkem did, as he placed that bundle in his pocket and hurried off to London; but on reading them over he found the names of lawyers who had long since mouldered to dust; and if their business was still carried on, it must be by a third generation at least. His first step was to hunt up the successors of the lawyers referred to in these letters, and through them, find some clue to deeds that were also spoken of.

The reader's patience and my memory would fail to follow Pinkem through all the difficulties of the Chancery court. For two long years he pushed the business steadily. The whole matter was now before the courts, and all the proceedings were, of course, made public, so far as the legal steps were concerned. Meanwhile the client died, and the daughter being now free, was sent to a boarding-school; but before she had completed her education, Pinkem had succeeded in establishing her title to the long lost estate in Chancery, and the poor country girl thus became heiress to a fortune of little less than half a million sterling. Her incentive to study had been higher than that of ordinary school girls, and it may be easily imagined that her progress was rapid in proportion to her ambition. Gratitude to him whom she had learned to look up to as her benefactor, impelled her to embrace every opportunity that would enable her to become an ornament to the society into which she might be thrown, should she ever become the wife of a rich London lawyer. Nor at school alone were her studies prosecuted, but in after life she persevered, till she was known as the most modest, unassuming and accomplished lady of the circle in which she mixed.

One thought that will perhaps puzzle a person on reading the above will be, How so large a property could have been lost sight of? and it is strange that circumstances could ever arise that would lead to such a state of things. We think that a live Yankee would follow up a property as long as there was a chance left; yet we hear to-day of the Aneke Jans and other suits existing in this go-ahead country even in our own time. An instance once came under my own notice in which a groom brought me a package of papers, that he found in his father's trunk. His father could neither read nor write, and these papers having in some way come into his possession about forty years previously, he placed them carefully away in his trunk without showing them to any one. One of these papers I found to be a will bequeathing to the man's father the fee simple of a farm without any encumbrance. There was no chance of recovering anything, for the tenant held possession forty years without any interruption, and half the time would have given him an estate in fee simple.

Nothing now remained but to pay the lawyer's bill. Pinkem's parents entertained the rejected servant girl as their honored guest. Pinkem Jr. held an assignment of half the fortune as a remuneration for his costs; and in the same house where a few years before they had held their first secret interview, lawyer and client met again in private and agreed that 't were a pity to divide by two, so made their interests one; and for anything I know to the contrary they have been as happy ever since as the average of married people can expect to be. He has inherited a baronetcy through an unexpected

line, and though still a member of the legal profession and of his old firm, takes no active part in legal practice. The old cottage stands in the Baronet's pleasure grounds, and his friends often wonder at the meaning of such eccentric taste; but he tells them with a laugh that it's in Chancery and he cannot remove it. E

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1869.

HOW IS IT DONE?

To THE O. C.:—One fact about the O. C. is beginning to challenge the public attention, viz.: that in whatever art or manufacture it engages it soon goes to the very head. In raising small fruits, which was your first industrial enterprise, you led the State of New York, as the Wallingford Community did that of Connecticut. Your success, in fact, fertilized the whole country in this department. Next, your traps are known all over the Continent as unapproached in quality. Your traveling-bags, so long as you manufactured them, were of acknowledged merit. Then your preserved fruits were of such a superlative standard as raised a great call for them among housekeepers far and near. Your sewing-silk, I am told, is now going the same way, is sought after by persons who want the best, and is everywhere putting up the standard of manufacture. At Wallingford, your Job Printing works, after a short practice, are turning out specimens of typography that bear comparison with the best in the country. Your students come out of College at the head of their class; your musicians delight many by their proficiency, and so on.

Now this is a singular trait, this knack of achieving excellence in such a variety of arts and undertakings. It has been so often exhibited in your career, that the public have now come to expect it as a matter of course, in whatever you lay your hands to. But it is a phenomenon that invites study and explanation. The question arises, Is it the fruit of your social organization? Have you got a social machine which by means of wheels and pulleys, unknown to outsiders, grinds out this net result of good work with such unflinching accuracy? Or is it due to a lucky concentration of well-formed characters, who would have done well under any circumstances, and who only show the better by combination? Or, has it something to do with your Perfectionist ideas in religion?

A ray of light on these questions may interest the public as well as Yours respectfully, x.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—We had visitors one day last week from nine different States of the Union.

A visitor recently who had traveled extensively in the East, admired the short dress worn by the Community women. He said there was something Amazonian about it, that was truly refreshing after having been obliged to look at the long dresses and deformities of fashion in the cities; he was surprised to see how young it made people appear. There must be some truth in this, for visitors frequently mistake our younger women for young girls. One recently told G. D. A. that he had been shown around by that "young miss," referring to C. A. M., aged thirty-two. An aged gentleman while taking dinner here a few days since, thus addressed P. who was waiting on the table, "Have you any pie, Sis?" P. could not suppress a smile, as she thought of her twenty-seven years in connection with "Sis." A lady who heard T. C. M. play on the piano recently, looked upon her benignly, as though she would chuck her under the chin, and said, "You keep very good time, and will make a good player. My little girl plays nicely, too. I wish I had brought her."

T. C. M. (suspecting the mistake).—"How old is your little girl?"

Lady.—She is thirteen. How old are you?"

T. C. M. (with some emphasis).—"I am twenty-five."

Lady (with the dismayed look of one who has committed some great impropriety).—"Oh! I thought you were only a little girl!"

"How long have you lived here?" asked some visitors of one of our young men.

"About ten years," was the reply.

"Were you born here?" they continued.

The young man thought they were smart, as he stroked his full beard, but only answered them with a smile. This reminds us of a conversation one of our foremen overheard in the fruit department last summer. An Indian called in to see what we were about, and fell into conversation with a green Irishman who was working for us. Finding the Indian did not speak quite as glibly as a Yankee, the Irishman asked him, "An how long has ye been over in this counthry, Mr.?"

My Spiders.—What a topic! Will the women ever forgive me? It is monstrous. Nevertheless, a fact it is that I am a friend to the spider. What if they are two or three inches long in some parts of the world—black and hairy, to boot. What if they do pounce upon their prey—upon birds and the like. My spiders are none of that sort. They are of very modest dimensions, and give me no trouble whatever. They mind their own business; and that is saying a great deal in a world like this—especially in fly season. Spiders? Why, I would keep them by the myriad, sooner than be pestered by even a solitary fly. Your spider will keep at home for a month together, waiting patiently for a chance bit—and does he not modestly take to the corner of your room where he is least in the way? My room is the right shape for their entertainment. There are many corners that tempt them to the exercise of their mathematical skill. I don't know how many I have, but not half enough for the number of flies. I once imported a spider when there were but few in my own room, and the fellow did me good service. At this time of the year I should not object to see my room covered all over with cobwebs. Not I, indeed. And I should like, too, to see a dozen spiders in each web.

—A gentleman from Philadelphia in the employ of Morris, Tasker & Co., is putting in steam-pipes and radiators in the brick mansion, to supersede our present system of heating by hot air. The rooms and halls that had registers or stoves in them are to be supplied with nice bronzed radiators, which take up but little room, are clean and ornamental, and in the winter time will be specially attractive.

—I had been seated but a few moments in a fashionable hotel when I heard a most agonizing shriek. The sound proceeded from a neighboring room, and I determined to ascertain the cause; so I followed the sound. Here I found a pretty little girl of three years old, undergoing the inhuman torture of fashionable dressing. There she stood in her misery, stamping and screaming, while nurse was dressing her. She had just succeeded in incasing her in a handsomely embroidered flannel skirt, the occasion of the first shriek. As I entered, she added a heavy canvas petticoat, so made as to produce a "Grecian Bend," to this a plain white one; to this a flounced skirt, and to this a tucked muslin, and as I left, still another was to be piled on, each addition of skirts bringing out an angry scream. To all of this nurse behaved like a stoic—she had her orders and she only did her duty, while she quietly remarked, "What can all you child, to act so?" I went below to the parlor; and presently, who should come in, but "mamma," leading by the hand this same little girl, now dressed like a doll. She was flounced and frilled—one monstrous pink bow tied behind covered the most admirable of "Grecian Bends"—her hair frizzled in front and curled in long ringlets behind. "Mamma" led her from one to another to be admired, while the little one looked sour and snarled at everything. There were many other children present, dressed fashionably too, but none were so completely wretched as this one. Think of it—the poor little sufferer bundled up to suffocation on this hot August day, and all to gratify the pride and egotism of that silly

mother. Let her go on, and she will soon accomplish the ruin not only of her darling's health, but what is of equal importance, her disposition.

I could not but contrast the misery of that poor child with the free ringing laugh of our little ones at the O. C. who perhaps at that very moment were enjoying a good romp on the lawn, minus the inconvenience of hats, shoes and stockings, and troubled with no more dressing than all could accomplish for themselves.

A Note of Praise.—Trials oppressed me; my heart was burdened and fearful. Physical suffering and difficulties beset me with threatenings, producing heaviness and discouragement. I was weary with the struggle to keep my head above the waters of unbelief. I was tempted to look this way and that, continually, for relief; but help and deliverance from either direction came not.

Christ's spirit in me said, I will be quiet and trust in God, and patiently wait on him for salvation. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." I will thank him continually for the good which is my portion; and as much as possible I will ignore all else. His love is a river of life. I wish to testify to his goodness, and praise him forever and ever.

Suddenly the thought flashed with life and power through all my consciousness that all I needed was belief, and resurrection would flow into me. My heart immediately responded, and I said, I know this is true. I know God is infinitely good, and able to pour his goodness, and victorious life, and lucky spirit into me, before which all evil will vanish. And he can make me receptive to this spirit when he thinks best. I will open my heart to it, and expect it, and wait on him for it. But not long did I wait, for immediately this victorious life dispersed all my difficulties; at every turn I met good luck; every thing went right, and I felt as if I was in the sunshine of the Almighty.

Evening Meeting.—In a conversation about justification E. H. H. said: Paul speaks of being justified freely by the grace of God. It is a very pleasant thing to escape from the spirit of condemnation, so as to feel in our hearts that God is not condemning us; but that through Christ, he is reconciled to us, and justifies us freely; accepts us just as we are because of our acceptance of Christ, and looks upon us complacently.

I have been interested in contemplating the two stages of justification. There is the first stage in which we feel comfort and joy because we have become conscious of God's good will and love toward us. Then there comes an experience in which we wonder at the self-respect that God must have by reason of his purity and righteousness. As I thought of this, I experienced new comfort and satisfaction in feeling that God is so righteous, pure, and wonderful in all his works. The broad work of salvation is to produce this same self-respect in all those who believe on Christ. As we accept Christ, and die to egotism, and become receptive to the Divine life, we shall be conscious of such a flow of life that tends towards goodness, truth and righteousness, that it will work self-respect in us akin to that which God has. This seems to me to be the second stage, or complete state of justification. The first consciousness of innocence is only a preparatory step toward this perfect justification that God gives us by making us partakers of his self-respect.

This doctrine kindled my desires and purposes anew to walk worthy of the calling of God. I don't think we can get true self-respect till egotism is dead; I know we cannot till we become one with God through Christ. It is a blessed result to contemplate. It is one of the best influences to bring to bear upon children, to try and instill into them this idea of attaining true justification. How improving it is to have the approbation of God and our own consciences! We feel that we cannot have God's approbation unless we have our own: we cannot abide in his justification unless self-respect accompanies it. We can teach children, and every one can lay to heart, that the work of Satan is to involve us in something or other to destroy our self-respect and justification. The devil is the great author of

condemnation and evil-thinking of ourselves and others.

It is good to come right home to things that bear on the internal character. We cannot be happy unless we can have a spirit of justification and self-respect. There is nothing outside of this state worth calling happiness. A person may get drunk, or be happy in an outward way, while the conscience is lulled asleep; but there is no true happiness unless we come into the innocency of God. What God has undertaken to do, he will do; he will justify those who believe on Christ. In this warfare that we have got to fight with the devil, we must look out that he does not dupe us into committing acts through which he can bring upon us a spirit of condemnation. As Paul says in the last chapter of Ephesians, we must be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Then he adds, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, &c."

It seems to me, that passage is one of the grandest in Paul's epistles. No flesh will be justified by the deeds of the law; nobody will be able to stand up except in the righteousness of God.

I appreciate the school we are in, which cultivates in us a tender, sensitive conscience respecting the state of interior improvement. Let us not try to induce God to lower the standard. I am thankful that the standard of righteousness is so high, and that God's character is so exalted. I am glad there is no stopping-place short of standing up boldly and unassumingly in the purity of God.

WALLINGFORD.

—G. W. N. and C. S. J. called on General Von Steinwehr, this afternoon. While there he presented them with a set of maps—artist's proofs of the engravings for his forth-coming Geography. The maps are of atlas size, and nineteen in number. Eleven of them are devoted to North America, of which eight represent sectional portions of the U. S.; three of Europe; one each of South America, Africa, Asia, and Australia including Oceanica; besides one of the world, on which is a profile view of all the principal mountain ranges of the world. The engravings are finely executed, and the elevation of the land is indicated very accurately by light and heavy shading. The General also showed them some fine maps of Switzerland in his possession. They are twenty in number, and each represents one-twentieth of Switzerland. Accurate to a minute degree, he says they show, not only every hamlet, but every house and cottage in Helvetia.

—We have some new neighbors—dark-skinned and errant—horse-traders and fortune-tellers. Gipsies, you guess. Yes, and quite a flock of them, with three large, covered wagons, half-a-dozen horses or more, and nearly as many dogs and children. They have camped by the road, a little south of us, and on the side of the road next our lawn. Shortly after they had camped, two gypsy damsels came to the house for some water, each bringing large, lacquered pails in which to carry it. They were both very pretty in their way, but quite different; one all dark, the other with auburn hair, large blue eyes, and beautiful teeth. In the course of the evening, many of them came to the house on errands, such as a little bread, two cents worth of cream, &c., &c.

—Fruit growers seem to be having a vacation now. Last week, three called here from New Jersey, one from Mass., and several from this State. They come to exchange ideas about different varieties of fruit, modes of culture, &c. They are a wide-awake class of men; enthusiastic about fruit; and seem to be free from rivalry in the business. We notice a spirit of integrity, quite refreshing to us. "How do you like the Clarke raspberry?" said a Worcester man; "I have the plants, but shall not offer them for sale, unless I can recommend them on good authority."

—We frequently have times of being anxious about the state of our engine-room, and this evening, on examining it closely, the state of the wood-work of the roof about the chimney, was found to be quite dangerous. To-morrow it is to be torn away and zinc put in its place.

Evening Meeting.—G. W. N.—It is easy for me to be thankful these days. It seems that the Kingdom of Heaven is come, and is drawing us up. We are not battling with evil by ourselves, but this great principality is about us, defending us and helping us on. I was considerably impressed with God's providence in preserving us from fire, and enabling us to detect the unsafe condition of our chimney. It is quite remarkable we have escaped a conflagration, considering the state we found the chimney in. I am thankful that health and strength is given us to perform what God has given us to do. I see one great point wherein our position is more favorable, and more advanced than that of the Primitive Church. In respect to salvation—when we inquire what it is, we learn that Christ has taken upon himself the whole burden of evil, and stands between us and the devil. He has passed through all human experience, and conquered; has raised the standard of victory against the devil. His history in the New Testament is a complete programme of victory and salvation. The Primitive Church had the same opportunity that we have, of seeing what Christ had done, and it wrought salvation in them. But that is all they accomplished. For us there is another step beyond that. After Christ had sounded the entire depths of evil, and made a shaft to help us out of the pit, as he did for the Primitive Church, he then went and established his kingdom. We see that this is a fact, and a fact added to the great work of redemption that was wrought out when he was on the earth. And this is something we have to contemplate, that the Primitive Church had not. He carried his disciples through, and planted them on the mount of God, and crowned them kings and priests. That fact opens to us the fellowship of a great many men and women. That is a fact that grows out of the Second Coming, and seems to crown and form the dome of the great temple, that was scarcely finished in the time of the Primitive Church. I think we have the greatest fact in the whole series. Christ came announcing and preaching, "the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." He summed up the whole thing in that, and put the thing he was to do in the biggest terms he could. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" Now, the announcement is, the Kingdom of Heaven is established. Our career as believers must land in that Kingdom.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RAILROADS.

IV.

SOME may be curious to know how people feel, who, like the contractors referred to in my last number, have risen from the ranks. I happened to be intimate enough with one of them to visit at his house and to be introduced to his wife; but a description of one family cannot, of course, be taken as a sample of the whole class.

In the instance which I have in mind, the contractor had married when a navvy, and married, of course, in his own station of life. It was fortunate he had done so, for his tastes and education were so compatible with those of his wife, that neither could entertain any contempt for the ignorance or want of culture of the other; and both were as happy as their affluent circumstances would permit them to be. This contractor was rich—I don't know how rich—but he had lately made a clear profit of £80,000 on a single contract, and had no children to help him spend it.

When a man has acquired wealth, the first question that puzzles him is, What shall I do with it? If he has no passion for hoarding money, no taste for scientific pursuits, and is devoid of anything like æsthetic culture, he is really in a quandary what to do with his cash. So it was with Smith; he had made a large fortune, and the less he cared about making money the more it seemed to tumble in upon him; he was one of those lucky men whose touch turned every thing to gold; but he did not consider himself more fortunate than his fellow men, for he failed to find as much happiness in his money as in hiring himself out a simple navvy.

Smith had no notions of his own about any thing

but his business. He could run his practised eye over a mound of dirt, and tell, within a surprisingly small quantity, the number of cubic yards in it. He was a man of instinct rather than of figures, and would take a contract with more confident reliance upon his own judgment than upon the estimates of the most careful engineers; and he was always right. But when it came to matters of taste and fashion, Smith was at sea, and must perforce copy the ideas of others. Smith saw that rich men built houses; so he too, would build him a house. He bought a fine estate, and having pulled down the old mansion, he employed architects, builders and upholsterers to plan, build and furnish a residence that should be in keeping with the fashion and taste of the times. He would not interfere except to pay bills: would not even express an opinion, for he knew that he was utterly ignorant in all such matters, and feared lest he should spoil some part of it. The establishment had been completed when I dined with Smith. Outside the mansion, the landscape gardener had exhausted his skill; while inside, the architect, the carver, the upholsterer and the picture dealer had displayed their tastes in return for the contractor's gold. Still, of incongruities there were not a few; for notwithstanding that this simple couple had in some degree sacrificed themselves to fashion, they cherished the strongest affection for old associations, and many were the pieces of furniture that once had graced a humble cottage, which now disfigured this splendid mansion. A time-worn, common, rush-bottomed chair mixed democratically with satined sofas, settees and sociables. An illustration of a scriptural scene, vulgar in the glaring excess of colors daubed on by some itinerant painter, hung with provoking impudence side by side with a rare copy of a Michael Angelo; and on a beautifully carved chimney-piece beside a fancy clock of elaborate and exquisite finish, stood a pair of common earthen pitchers, each made in the form of a jolly old toper grasping with one hand a cup of foaming ale and in his other hand a pipe; while his mouth stretched with a grin that reached well-nigh to the corners of a similar orifice on the other side of the pitcher. Servants were there in fine liveries, and tables were set with abundance of silver plate; but to the lady of the house, the proprietor was plain "Jack," and she to him was simply "Sal." Both of them felt a contempt for the society in which they mixed; while fashionable people, of course, held them in derision.

After dinner as we sat and chatted over our dessert, in that witching hour when wine relaxes the conventionalities of society, Mrs. S. told me that she was never happy only when sometimes they got away out in some country place where no one knew them, and stopped at a little public house, as once I found them, and that she often wished "Jack" would lose all his money and be a navvy again.

These unfortunate acquisitions of wealth are rarely felt to be so calamitous. Smith's is the only instance I remember to have met with; but from it, and from what I had seen of other contractors, I formed the opinion that one peculiarity of this class is that their incentive to work is not so much the love of money as a desire to have a heavy job on hand in which they can have opportunities of meeting and overcoming difficulties. There is a certain kind of recklessness about them in regard to money matters that would perhaps be fatal to any other business, but to such men it seems to counteract selfishness and suspicion to such an extent that they are able to combine and work in harmony. The navvy is peculiar to England, and seems to have been called into existence by railroads. He is a tall, powerfully built man, with a strong Yorkshire dialect; he never travels by railroad, steamboat or coach; he tramps. He has the greatest contempt for thieving, in a mean way, yet he is utterly lawless in his disregard of the rights of "mine and thine." He usually spends every penny he earns, and is liberal in subscribing for the relief of those of his class who suffer from accident, &c.; he provides for nothing on his journey, but knowing that he is a general favorite, he depends on the generosity of the public; and few people of means will turn their backs upon

"a navy on the tramp." Railroad works, he finds out as if by instinct. Start the building of a rail, road, and navvies spring up around you as mushrooms. Stop the works, and they disappear like migratory birds.

Many attempts have been made to bring these men under the influence of preaching. I know of only one such effort proving successful. A wealthy Episcopal minister built a large shed near the works, and every Sunday afternoon distributed a pint of beer, with pipes and tobacco, to all comers, on condition that they should listen to his sermon. He had a large and quiet congregation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOBACCO IN HOSPITALS.

EDITOR OF THE CIRCULAR: *Sir*.—I was much interested in an account of tobacco experience which recently appeared in your columns, and was led, in consequence, to reflect somewhat upon the universality of this tobacco bondage.

My circumstances, within the past few years, have been such that I have been enabled to see the working of this "love of the weed" in some of our large Asylums; and I was never made so strikingly aware of the extent and power of this tobacco principality, as within this period. It was, indeed, something of a revelation. And as this is comparatively an unknown field, perhaps a short account of how the thing develops at the hospitals, would not be uninteresting.

Of all the male patients admitted into the Asylums, as far as my observation goes, I should judge that fully two-thirds were addicted to the use of tobacco in one form or another. And usually, the first question of the patient to himself (i. e., as soon as he is able to realize any thing), is, "How am I going to get tobacco? I must have some tobacco," &c. Accordingly they set their wits to work with, it sometimes seems, more than natural cunning, to procure the seductive weed. And the facts show, that in many cases they *do* get it, and that, in spite of all efforts of those who have the patients in charge, to keep it from them. In many instances, where the habit is strong and the natural sense of cleanliness is blunted by disease or long abstinence, discarded quids are most carefully treasured up for future use, as are also all bits of cigar stumps, found when walking out.

It is true that no very stringent rules exist at the hospitals in regard to the use of tobacco by the patients, except, of course, in cases where it would be an obvious and positive injury. Friends of patients when visiting them are often cautioned by the doctor against letting them have tobacco. But still, aside from special cases, no great care is taken to exclude it, and in fact, in many instances when the patient has been long addicted to the use of tobacco in some form, and when he is in a condition in which it would not evidently be injurious to him, and again in cases that are considered hopeless, when tobacco is a relief or comfort to the afflicted one, a regular allowance is given. At one large hospital, those of the patients who do work on the Asylum premises—farming, gardening, choring, &c., are given a certain weekly allowance of tobacco. This work is not obligatory upon patients. Many prefer to labor; and to this class, or to such of them as use it, tobacco is considered clear gain. Others work avowedly for the tobacco stipend.

It would seem as if an Asylum were the place of all others to get forever quit of tobacco bondage, and many an argument have I had with some of its devotees to induce them to embrace the opportunity. In some instances they would acknowledge that then was the time if ever to break up the habit, as they would also freely admit the desirability of such a thing—but "the habit was too strong for them," or "too great a comfort to them," or some other obstruction was in the way of their quitting it *just then*. In some instances they would get roused to make an effort to give up the habit; but standing alone so, with their old tempter going freely among

their associates, they would soon fall back again under its power.

Probably the only practicable way to clear out this tobacco principality lies in *combined, unitary* effort; and it would appear not an altogether chimerical scheme for the inmates of the hospitals (by these I mean of course those who are sufficiently convalescent) to inaugurate such a movement among themselves, which might work excellent and permanent results.

But, after all, I am satisfied that not only for the victims of this tobacco tyrant in the condition I have described, but for the millions who suffer in this tobacco bondage in the great world outside, COMMUNISM is the only "door of hope." And Communism is surely coming. It waits but for recognition to become a power among men. When mankind, convinced of its truth and efficacy, shall freely give themselves up, body and soul, to its reformatory and refining influences, they will throw down their weary load of narcotics and stimulants (including tobacco) with a facility they little dreamed of.

Yours, for a speedy realization of the good time coming, x.

Cresco, Iowa, Aug. 12, 1869.

DEAR BROS. AND SISTERS O. C.:—I feel that I am acquainted with all of you, having, for a long time, been a constant reader of the CIRCULAR. How am I to recommend myself to you? What are we to do who live in the single homes of the world? I dislike so much to have those about me who work alone for money; having no relish or love for it, they do their work so poorly. It is hard for me to get along with it. I like your system of labor: was pleased with J. H. N.'s Home-Talk upon "Attractive Industry," in the CIRCULAR of Aug. 2d.

I love you for yourselves, and because I feel that you have found the truth, and are living nearer in accordance to the teachings of Christ than any other people in the world. I know of no people that I think are living so near the truth as you are. In civilization, as it is called, there is no truth, no love: every thing is false—no honesty. And it seems as though there is but little progress in these directions, and we sometimes become almost weary with waiting; and feel that the "mill of God grinds slowly, but it grinds exceeding small." But I *know* God rules; that eternity is in his hand, and that sooner or later he will vindicate his truth.

My husband visited you a few years ago; it was during the war when he was Colonel in the army; he was sick at the time, and home on a furlough. He brought home with him a copy of the Berean and some photographic views of the Community buildings and grounds, groups, &c. We have studied the Berean with a great deal of interest; also J. H. N.'s Home-Talks. I think it takes years of time to become educated and to thoroughly understand your views of life—its responsibilities, duties to God and to one another.

Respectfully, s. j. s.

A RAPPITE SETTLEMENT.

The description here given of the village of Economy is from a little work called "The Harmony Society," by Aaron Williams, D. D.

When the Rappites sold their town of New Harmony to Robert Owen, they removed to Beaver county, Pennsylvania, where they built the village which is the subject of the following sketch:

Their new town, to which they gave the name of Economy, was built on the north side of the Ohio river, on one of the most beautiful sites to be found anywhere in the country. It is in the midst of an elevated plateau, which extends some four miles up and down the Ohio, and slopes gently back to the picturesque hills which skirt it at the distance of nearly a mile from the river. The streets are sixty feet wide, and are at right angles with each other, forming several squares of about two acres and three-quarters each, on the corners of which, and midway on the intervening sides, the houses are erected, the enclosed grounds affording ample space for the gardens of the several families. The houses are of frame or brick, two stories high, and of a unique style of *economic* architecture, having but one door each, which is entered through a yard from the side. Their church, hotel, barns, mills, manufactories, &c.,

were erected as rapidly as possible after their arrival, and on improved plans, practical utility rather than superfluous ornament being consulted. The whole machinery of the Society's operations was soon in vigorous motion as before. The ague-shaken members recovered their lost health. The surrounding population was friendly, and pleasant business and social relations were formed with the neighbors, which have ever since been maintained.

Extensive orchards and vineyards were planted, and soon added their products to the wealth derived from broad fields of grain, large flocks and herds, and busy manufacturing establishments. Labor-saving machinery was introduced. Steam power was then and is still employed wherever it is available. Not only their woolen and cotton factories, their flouring mill, and saw mill, &c., were driven by steam, but they still thresh and clean their grain by steam, grind and press their apples and grapes by steam, and wash and wring their clothes by steam. Their laundry establishment has always been an object of interest, especially to lady visitors. The town is amply supplied with water through wells, hydrants, and watering troughs, at convenient points. A large reservoir receives the water of a stream that flows from the hills, and when this source of supply becomes deficient, the ever serviceable steam-engine pumps water from a deep river-well.

In former years they employed the steamboat navigation of the Ohio river as their chief channel of trade and travel; but in later years they enjoy the advantage of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, and the Pittsburgh & Cleveland railroads, whose trains are passing every hour along the bluff in front of the town. They have also a telegraph office.

Soon after their settlement at Economy, a few silk worms were sent to Mr. Rapp from a friend in the East, with instructions as to the various processes of silk culture. It was a new business to them, but they engaged in it with zeal, as a source of probable profit, and as affording easy employment to the women and children and aged persons among them. They planted an orchard of Italian mulberry and of *morus multicaulis*, and adorned their streets with shade trees of the same. They soon produced large quantities of raw silk, and looms became necessary for weaving. They employed the services successively, of an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a Switzer, to instruct and assist their own mechanics in the erecting of looms and the weaving of ribbons, vestings, satins, velvets, &c., in which they soon attained a high degree of skill. The business was successfully continued for a few years, but through want of suitable patronage from the Government, in the way of protection against foreign competition, it was found to be unprofitable, and was at length abandoned by them, as it was also at most other places where it had been introduced.

These Harmonists were not mere bores or dull utilitarians, as they have been falsely represented. It is true that, in addition to their three daily meals, they were accustomed, as they still are, to take a slight lunch in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon (the latter being called "vespers"), consisting of a slice of bread and a mug of wine, beer, or cider; and perhaps some of them may have had these creature-comforts at hand even during the night; but still they did not live merely to eat and drink. They were fond of music, and gave much attention to its cultivation, as already noticed. In their earlier days, also, they were not regardless of works of taste and ornament. The Rapps showed their wisdom in this respect. Frederick especially, being a man of fine æsthetic culture in poetry, music, painting, sculpture and articles of *virtu*, endeavored to infuse his own spirit into the people. For this purpose, among things he procured from New York and Philadelphia, at an expense of several thousand dollars, an extensive museum of curiosities, consisting of rare minerals, fine paintings, collections of birds, insects, shells, &c., besides Indian antiquities, and many other things new and strange. Among the early recollections of the writer, is the expansion of his organ of wonder by the marvels which he saw in this museum. Equally vivid is his recollection of his boyish delight on seeing for the first time a park of deer at Economy. Also, of his losing himself in the mazes of the mysterious labyrinth, composed of a curiously constructed hedge which then grew around and almost concealed from view the round-house that still stands on the outskirts of the village. And then again was West's great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," which still adorns the parlor of the Rapp House, conspicuous among other fine pictures there to be seen. But most frequented then, as ever since, was "Rapp's Garden," with its beautiful flowers and shrubbery, its winding walks, its cool and cosy arbors, its tempting fruits (the more tantalizing from the prohibition, "hands off!"); the fish pond in the midst of overhanging evergreens, and in its center the round tower, from the top of which the band of music was wont to send forth its sweet strains upon the evening air. But most surprising of all was the Grotto, constructed on the Chinese principle of pleasing by contrast. You approach, by a narrow, tangled path, a small rude structure, of the roughest stone, overgrown with wild vines, and with a door

apparently of rough oak bark. You enter—and you stand in the midst of a beautiful miniature Grecian temple with a life-sized piece of emblematic statuary before you, and the dates of the great events in the Society's history conspicuously engraved in niches around you.

It was with such things as these, in those palmy days, that the taste of the Harmonists was cultivated, the tedium of their monotonous life alleviated, and their many visitors gratified. No wonder that romantically disposed tourists spoke and wrote of the place as an Arcadia.

It may be proper to introduce here the following notice of the Society in 1826, by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who visited it in that year:

"At the inn, a fine large frame house, we were received by Mr. Rapp, the principal, at the head of the Community. He is a grey-headed and venerable old man; most of the members immigrated twenty-one years ago from Wurtemberg, along with him.

"The warehouse was shown to us, where the articles made here for sale or use, are preserved, and I admire the excellence of all. The articles for the use of the Society are kept by themselves, as the members have no private possessions, and every thing is in common; so must they, in relation to all their wants, be supplied from the common stock. The clothing and food they make use of is of the best quality. Of the latter, flour, salt meat, and all long keeping articles, are served out monthly; fresh meat, on the contrary, is distributed as soon as it is killed, according to the size of the family, &c. As every house has a garden, each family raises its own vegetables, and some poultry, and each family has its own bake-oven. For such things as are not raised in Economy, there is a store provided, from which the members, with the knowledge of the Directors, may purchase what is necessary; and the people of the vicinity may do the same.

"Mr. Rapp finally conducted us into the factory again, and said that the girls had especially requested this visit, that I might hear them sing. When their work is done they collect in one of the factory rooms, to the number of sixty or seventy, to sing spiritual and other songs. They have a peculiar hymn book, containing hymns from the old Wurtemberg collection, and others written by the elder Rapp. A chair was placed for the old patriarch, who sat amidst the girls, and they commenced a hymn in a very delightful manner. It was naturally symphonious, and exceedingly well arranged. The girls sang four pieces, at first sacred, but afterward by Mr. Rapp's desire, of a gay character. With real emotion did I witness this interesting scene.

"Their factories and workshops are warmed during the winter by means of pipes connected with the steam-engine. All the workmen, and especially the females, had very healthy complexions, and moved me deeply by the warm-hearted friendliness with which they saluted the elder Rapp. I was also much gratified to see vessels containing fresh sweet-scented flowers, standing on all the machines. The neatness which universally reigns, is in every respect worthy of praise."

But it is not to be wondered at that in such a community, where no provision is made for its perpetuation, where the young are growing old, and the old passing away, there should be a gradual decadence in taste and enterprise. The cotton, woolen, and silk manufactures were abandoned years ago—the last because it was not profitable, and all, because there was a lack of mechanical skill in those whose eyes now needed the aid of glasses and whose hands were becoming tremulous. Diminishing numbers also required more force to be applied to the culture of the ground. The museum was found to be an unprofitable investment, and it was sold at a sacrifice. Its mineralogical department, after remaining for a time in the custody of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, was ultimately transferred to the Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, where its remains may still be seen. The deer were unprofitable stock, and the labyrinth was a toy, which only encumbered the ground where it stood. The Grotto has exchanged its old and proper thatch covering for a civilized roof. The old musicians of the band have relinquished their labor (except at religious festivals) to younger and less skillful hands, and the late efficient leader, having yielded to the power of the tender passion and gone in the ways of Hymen, is no longer a member of the Society.

The Economites have always excelled in the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine. The vineyards, however, which they planted many years ago, have been abandoned, so far as field culture is concerned, and the grapes which they now use are supplied almost entirely from vines growing on their houses. The upper story of each house is covered on three sides with vines carefully trained on trellis work attached to the house; and besides the ornamental appearance of these vines, the grapes are found to be better protected from the frost, and more richly sweetened by the sun, than those grown elsewhere. For some years past, also, their finest wines have been produced from the common red currant, several acres of which are cultivated for this purpose. The grapes which they cultivate for wine have been

chiefly the Catawba and Isabella, while they have not been inattentive to the claims of the new varieties.

BUILDING ERAS IN RELIGION.

Dr. Bushnell, in an interesting article under the above heading, states that the greatest buildings of the world have been "not palaces, or forums, or amphitheatres, but temples." After referring to the structures raised by ancient mythologists, he assigns them to his first division or era, leaving the cathedrals, minsters and churches of the Christians, for a second era in building. In referring to the future of temple building, he says:

There has never before been a time, we may see at a glance, when such vast assemblies could be gathered at single points as now, if there were any occasion for it. Our railroad circulations could hurl in, almost any day, on the great centers, a hundred or five hundred thousand people. Structures too can be raised, if they are wanted, large enough to shelter and contain them all, and if we ask what they can do by coming together, in such multitudes, and how they can be welded in a manner to answer any practical purpose, it may, or may not be easy to specify the particular object and way beforehand. But it is a remarkable fact that a particular invention just now completed organizes a brain, or sensorium, for the whole living world, and can much more easily do it for whole acres of living assembly. We can even set all choirs and organs, in every part of our State, or nation, upon a perfect chime of time-beat, in any given anthem, at any given hour of night or day; and who can say what uses may yet be served in assemblies by these courier threads of wire in the long grand future before us? If Holiness to the Lord is to be written on the bells of the horses, why not on these wires, which are so much closer to intelligence? We know very little, as yet, what is to come of these and such like instrumentations. God no doubt, has some very grand chapters of advance to be revealed in their religious uses, such as our slow-going imaginations are not likely at once to overtake.

This one thing, meantime, is clear as it need be, that we are going to have resources for building, if building is wanted, that have never yet been devoted to any such purpose. We have more wealth now in our roadways, measured in creative industry, than Solomon put into his temple; and it is not money spent as with him, but money invested for a larger production. The powers we have now at work are creating untold wealth, such as was never before seen, and is not now conceived. Becoming less airy and pretensive, too, as it becomes more common, wealth will be entered more easily into the finest perceptions and loftiest ideals of religion. It will have its inspirations, and will join itself to the brotherhood of the saints, in all the grand purposes and fervors of their advancing cause. Wealth has a new grand chapter thus to write; and having all utmost ability, it will as certainly become a great builder, as there is found to be any Christian occasion for it. And it will be strange, if resources so immensely great do not some time appear, in structures that, for magnitude and majesty, are unequalled.

And we need not be afraid lest the art of building should be found to have come to its limits. There is a beautifully artless art in sanctified souls, raising them, age upon age, into higher capacities of form, because their perception is holier and closer to eternal truth.

Speaking of Ezekiel's "mystic temple," he says:

It proposes a cutting into the walls of the structure, built immensely thick, of open corridors and open stair-ways, to be used in procession that shall be seen moving onward and back, and up and down, all over the structure, without and within, and making it alive with marching hosts of praise. As describing it, the prophet says: "And the side chambers [galleries, corridors] were three, one over another, and thirty in order, and they entered into the wall. * * * And there was an enlarging and a winding about, still upward, to the side chambers, for the winding about of the house went still upward round about the house." In this way, as it will be seen, the vast stone pile was to be made alive as if it were some ant-hill of worship, and have the living multitudes of the people for its ornamentation. And who shall say that new ideas and forms shall not hereafter be invented? Is it possible—can we be so weak as to think it—that these immeasurable ages to come are never to go beyond the present alphabet of architecture and its elements?

So far, we are looking at the ways and means and possibilities of another building age, or ages. Let us look here, for a moment, into what wants may be rising, to require it. After all, this cathedral age that we so commonly copy and praise, and sometimes idolize, is a great way off from being completely and genuinely Christian. Knighthood and grim-war flavor all the grace there is in it. * * *

Now it is not difficult to see, that something differ-

ent from this, and more advanced, and built upon a larger scale is yet to be demanded. We are to look, in particular, for something more nearly in the type of the Pentecost, and the new brotherly communion there displayed. Had there been thrown up there, on the instant, a structure vast enough to accommodate the uses of the many thousand converts, it would not have been a cathedral, or bishop's-seat edifice, but it would have been something fitly called a *Koinonial*, or House of Communion. Or it might have been called the House of the Dove, or, tipped with spirit-fire on all the summits without, the House of Flame. No matter what the name, if only we distinguish the thing—a temple for the communion of saints, and their worship in the Spirit, vast enough to take in all the immense crowds of pilgrims there gathered; Parthians and Medes, and Elanites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews, proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians—all brothers now in the brotherhood of Christ begun—breaking bread together, and joining in the solid unity of their worship with all gladness and singleness of heart. In the first two crops of converts harvested here, at the beginning, we have a count of six thousand souls, who, instead of going from house to house in the breaking of bread, would have rushed in, by the instinct of their love, to fill any common temple large enough to receive them.

And in just the same way admitting, as we probably should, that our people are to be trained or disciplined, in small bodies and hearing assemblies, there will almost certainly be, as there always have been, occasions where vaster assemblies will desire to be gathered and have their brotherhood beheld in a larger bond of communion. Within a few years past there has been a Sunday-school gathering in England, which probably no one of their cathedrals would have contained.

Besides, we are not to forget that great movements now beginning all over the world, foretold vast assemblages of believers, flowing together in a sublime concourse of brotherhood. The eternal Spirit is hovering over the nations and setting them in upon closer and closer bonds of amity, such as must be finally sealed by the Christian inspirations. Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; Catholic, and Greek and Protestant, all as one. The abundance of the sea, all the forces of the Gentiles, from China round, will as certainly come into the circuit of one love, as into that of commerce and diplomacy, and it will result that, in these vast new confluences, there will be great assemblages gathered, wanting structures where they may be. Besides, in that great day which we think the Spirit is preparing, we can see, at a glance, that changes will be coming to pass that will demand great feasts and anthems of koinonial worship, such as our world-brotherhood has never yet imagined.

There is also yet another change to be anticipated, when the promised day of the Spirit arrives, that will naturally bring together immense conventuals of a kind more severely grand, because of the stupendous intellectual consolidation supposed. I refer to the final reconciliation of science and religion. There is no real discord between them. The natural and the supernatural, science and faith, have a unity of relation as complete as any right and left hand. And yet it has not hitherto been easily discovered; for we have just now a large dissent on hand that disallows all miracle, takes away the possibility of prayer, and weakens and chills, in a thousand ways, the faith of religion itself.

No fact ever took place in the world at all comparable to this reconciliation of science and religion, save the reconciliation of the great world-schism made by sin itself; and indeed this other reconciliation is never completed and set in the dignity of reason, without the other. Faith henceforth will not be timorous any more, for it is now become the congener of all reason. It will even be scientific to believe, and there will be a vaster, broader enthusiasm kindled for the great brotherhood of religion, than has ever yet been conceived. It will be the Creator-worship and Redeemer-worship joined, and the assemblies will want spaces and symbols in which the brotherhood of all fact and truth may be fitly acknowledged.

The age of small buildings for religious purposes seems to us to have passed away with the use of pulpit oratory. Heretofore churches have been built with the view of enabling congregations to listen to the preaching of one man, rather than for the masses to worship in; they have, therefore, successively been circumscribed in their dimensions; but pulpit oratory does not reach the masses, and is only listened to by a few admirers of certain preachers. The press has superseded the pulpit, and no one doubts that the masses can be reached through the medium of printing far more effectually than by the

building of churches. When the fruition of that day shall be complete in which they shall not teach every man his neighbor, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least to the greatest, it is difficult to foresee what kind of buildings may be designed to accommodate the large assemblies, or what may be the limit of their vast proportions. We incline to the idea thrown out by Dr. Bushnell that the future era of building in religion will be marked by the erections of "vast koinonial structures"—Communals—in which not the dogmas of any one man will be the burden of a sermon, but the spirit of God flowing through all hearts will merge each individual in the harmony and peace of the whole. We do not pretend to have approximated yet to the climax of our ideal koinonial temple, but the nucleus is fairly inaugurated with us here. We wait on God for further developments.

THE WORDS OF ILLUSION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Three words on the lips of the good and best,
Full of meaning, we often are hearing.
In vain do they sound, they can ne'er give us rest,
All impotent they for cheering.
Ungathered the fruit of man's life will remain
So long as he strives but the shadow to gain.

So long as a golden age he dreams
Where the right and the good only liveth—
The sword of the right and the good ever gleams,
The foe never quietness giveth,
And dost thou not strike till his life-blood flows
Anew on the earth his strength ever grows.

So long as he dreams that Fortune is true,
That her smiles to the good are given—
Her glances of love the wicked woo,
The good has his treasure in Heaven.
A stranger on earth, he homeless stands
And seeks for a house not made with hands.

So long as he dreams that Truth will unclothe
To the earthly perception her portals—
For all that we think and guess and suppose
Her veil ne'er is lifted by mortals.
Thou chainest the spirit in sounding phrase,
But the free goes forth in the lightning's blaze.

Noble soul, from illusion then tear thyself free,
Let thy heavenly faith fail never!
What the ear cannot hear, what the eye cannot see
Is the true and the beautiful ever!
It is not without, the fool there awaits
What for thee is within, what thy spirit creates.

O. C., Aug. 23, 1869.

J. J. S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. G., Ohio.—Will you do me the favor to send me your CIRCULAR? It is some years since I had the pleasure of reading it regularly. I have just seen a copy, and it has revived the old feeling stronger than ever. It is very strange that we communists in the competitive society cannot form a society and succeed as you do; we all feel desirous to enter or form one, but we seldom ever get beyond expressing the desire, for we either lack capital, faith in our own powers, or honesty,—or perhaps a little of all. Perhaps you could give us outsiders some plan by which we could attain the desired object, viz.: How much capital and land per man, woman, and child, does it require to commence with any prospect of success? I for one would very much like to join your's; but I have seen it stated from time to time, that you need more room before you can receive any more. And yet your number remains about the same, while your acres are increasing. But you are a noble example, and we might very appropriately quote the scripture and say, *Go and do likewise*.

It would be impossible for us to give any opinion as to the number of acres or of dollars requisite to form a Community. Experience, so far, leads to the conclusion that it is not possible to hold a Community together under any circumstances without a religious basis on which to found it. The obstacles in the way of Communism do not relate to matters of finance so much as to the difficulty of overcoming selfishness in every form; get rid of selfishness, and Communism will follow as a matter of course. We

believe that Christianity is the only means that can secure this object, and that the gospel of Christ is therefore, the only true basis of Communism. We commenced not with Communism, but with preaching "Salvation from Sin."

ITEMS.

THE civil war in Japan is ended.

ENGLAND is sending elephant plows to India.

PRINCE ARTHUR arrived at Halifax Aug 22d.

A NEW telegraphic cable is projected from Ireland to America.

ON the 24th the French Empress and the Prince Imperial left Paris for Constantinople.

IT is asserted that the preliminaries of a treaty for the session of Cuba have been signed.

TRAINS over the new railroad from New York to Newburg began regular trips on the 23d inst.

PROF. HUXLEY has been chosen to preside over the next yearly meeting of the British Association of Science at Liverpool.

PHILADELPHIA is suffering from scarcity of water. And it is said that forest trees are dying from drought in southern Virginia.

A PETITION from coolies suffering hardship in Peru, has been forwarded, through American ministers, to Prince Kung, at Peking.

THE question of the repeal of the religious "tests," which the English Universities continue to apply, has arisen in the House of Lords.

THE University of Edinburgh has the credit of taking the lead in establishing a separate department in which women may study medicine, and take diplomas that will entitle them to practice.

THE Erie and Hudson River Railroad Companies whose late competition reduced the price of freight to fifteen cents per hundred pounds from New York to Chicago, have concluded to desist from competition and return to higher rates.

IT is stated that Count Laroche, the Haytian Minister at Washington, who has been trying to purchase some iron clads of the government, is negotiating to cede, as part payment, the harbor of Cape Nicholas La Mole; the best harbor in the island of Hayti.

THE Pekin government refuses to ratify the treaty concluded by Burlingame and the Chinese embassy with the United States. J. Ross Brown, late American Minister to China, in reply to an address of the British and American residents of Shanghai, denounced the Burlingame policy, and said the establishment of relations with China, on the basis of equality, is impossible.

THE international boat race, between the the Universities of Oxford and Harvard, took place Friday the 27th, in the presence of a million persons. The course was four and a quarter miles. At the start the Harvard boat took the lead, and at a mile and an eighth was two lengths ahead. At a mile and a half the Oxfords had gained so that the Harvards led but half a length. At two and a half miles the boats were side by side. After this the Oxfords took the lead and came in four lengths ahead, making the four and one-quarter miles in twenty-two minutes forty and one-half seconds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Sataria, Miss., says that the ramie plant is growing in favor there, and that it will eventually supersede cotton in all the rich bottom lands subject to periodical overflow in that latitude. With Chinese labor cultivating the ramie, these lands will yield \$300 per acre. After the first year the only labor it requires is that of harvesting and threshing out, the first being done with a mowing machine, and the last by means of the patent ramie-cleaner. The writer claims that as soon as the plant gets to be fully appreciated, as it soon will be, the empire of King Cotton will pass away, and that truly regal and wonderful plant, the ramie, will wield the scepter and clothe the world. As an article of apparel it will become as common to the ladies of moderate means, as silks are now among the wealthy.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 203. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

The above works are for sale at this office.

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR and orders for our publications.